

# FVNERALL ELEGIES,

VPON THE MOST  
VNTIMELY DEATH OF  
the Honourable and most hopefull,  
M<sup>r</sup>. IOHN STANHOPE, Sonne  
and Heire to the Right Honourable  
PHILIP Lord STANHOPE,  
Baron of *Shelford*:

VVHO DECEASED IN  
Christ-church at OXFORD,  
the 18. of *Iuly*, 1623.



*London printed for Ralph Mab.*  
*MDCXXIV.*

THE  
ELEGIES

UPON THE MOST  
VIRTUOUS

MR. JOHN STANHOPE, ESQ.  
AND HIS WIFE

AND  
THEIR CHILDREN



LONDON: PRINTED FOR R. BENTLEY.  
MDCCLXXIV.





## Ad Lectorem.

**O**fficiosus Amor lachrimas effudit ab urna  
Quam raptim ingestas Musa latere velit,  
Melpomenen mœrore suo ne crede superbam;  
Fastum ô quid nescit, si modoluctus habet?  
Tu solum expendas, quanta est huic causa dolori,  
Cum sapiat, quasi nunc prompta, Querela vetus.



ПРОЛОГЪ

Въведеніе въ свѣтъ  
и въ жизнь







IN  
AMICISSIMUM  
MEVM.

**G***emma domus nostræ, Musarum dulcis ocelle  
Flos Parnassiaci, deliciaq; chori, (bram,  
Defunctum sequor obsequijs, complector & um-  
Heu quot corporibus dignior umbra tua est?  
Non est fictus amor, non est umbratilis ardor,  
3 Umbra places, videar corporis umbra tui.*

Henricus Percy,  
Comitis Northum-  
briæ Filius.

A 3

And

And hast thou left vs then (Deare Soule?) must wee  
Comfort our eyes, no more beholding thee?  
Wouldst thou bee so much a proficient here,  
To learne to dye so soone in thy first yeere?  
Wouldst thou be thus a Graduate, to shine  
In Heauen already, and there turne Diuine?  
Such a degree, whose luster quite defaces  
All our filke Hoods, and Academicke graces.  
Sure Death mistooke thee; measuring thee a man  
By thy Soules Elle, not by thy bodies Span.  
Hadst thou beene duller, thou perchance mightst haue  
Gone but a slow and foot-pace to thy graue:  
The Itch of Fate had not bin stir'd: the Skies  
Would not so greedy snatch so meane a prize:  
Thy quicknes kild thee, ripenes was thy death,  
Running to goodnes, thou ranst out of breath.  
How didst thou pitch beyond thy yeeres! how sage,  
How wise, how staid, how elder than thy age!  
What manly grauity was knowne to house,  
More in thy smooth then others wrinckled browes?  
Farre different from the common Nobler sort,  
That here for fashion onely come and sport,  
To weare a gawdy Gowne! and then with ease  
Peruse the Streets, and learne the Colledges,  
Scrape some few ends of Iests, wherewith hereafter  
To branch discourse, and entertaine a laughter!  
That nere reach further than the mysticall  
Science of Tennis, and (their Spheare) the Ball;  
Or else to weild some Fencers wooden toole,  
Or sweat a Night-cap in the Dancing-schoole.  
To cracke a Lute-string, and such worthy Arts,



In others, Complements, in great men, parts.  
Thy Studies were more serious as thy lookes,  
While others Bandyed thou wast tossing Bookes,  
Busied in Paper, and collecting there,  
Gemmes to sticke in thy mind, not in thine eare.  
Me thinks I see thee yet close by thy selfe,  
Reaching some choyce Booke from thy furnisht shelve,  
Loose the filke strings, and with a willing paine,  
To read, and thinke, and write, and read againe.  
Thus didst thou spend thy lifes short day, till night,  
Deaths night oretooke thee, and put out thy light.  
This fable Curtaine was too soone orespred,  
Thy day-taske done, to bring thee to thy bed.  
Yet happy soule, whose first night did begin  
In Death, vndarkned with the night of sinne.

4

*E. R.*

---

*V* *T* nova subsiliunt acciso germina trunco,  
Et reficit penna damna cadentis olor;  
Sic ubi Matris honor cecidit Stanhopia proles,  
Sarcina mox orbam non sinit esse nova.  
Primitias uteri, quæ cælo debita sors est,  
Soluisti Mater. quid potes inde queri?  
At Calum excambit fætum, similemque reponit,  
Num potes hoc damnum dicere? munus erat.  
Qui sic interijt, non interijisse videtur  
Natalem fato, sed reparasse suo.

Ier. Thorp. Art Mag.  
ex Æde Christi.

---

*Fanerall*





## *A Funerall Elegie.*



S for a teadious famine, or a siege  
 Threatning vs al, our coutry & our Liege:  
 So do we grieue for thee, each neighbour  
 Weeps to the indangering of an eye; (b)  
 As if the losse were his, or he had sold  
 His Patrimony, and had spent the gold.  
*Spanish Currantoes, Brunswicke, and the fate*  
*And Massacres of the Palatinate,*  
 In this spring tide, and flood of griefe are lost,  
 As raine drops in a streame, that in the vast  
 Ocean, this hath so fill'd our hearts, eyes, eares,  
 That we want sence of other cares then these.  
 If in a drowth this accident had beene,  
 Thou hadst not, Fate, committed such a sinne.  
 he peoples tribute had repair'd the losse  
 Of the mad dog-starres fury, and this crosse;  
 For with their teares the parched earth had beene,  
 As after plent'ous raine, fruitfull and greene.  
 By should heauens drops now longer mixe with ours,  
 But these vnited|conduits, doubled showres,  
 Trent would vnruely grow, and his proud waues  
 Would make our habitations then our graues.  
 As the sunne snow: so griefe melts vs, and you,  
 Wherese're we goe, may tract vs by our dew.  
 The State-men of this losse such notice take,

R

They're



They'le not doe businesse, 'till they'ue wept for's sake.  
 With these Inferiors ioyne, from th' Collyers eye  
 You may take inke to write an Elegie,  
 And in their fields of hay the Countrey-men  
 Doe weepe, as if they'd haue it grow againe.  
 Our sinne hath bred this crosse : so *Adams* vice  
 Did disinherite him of Paradise.  
 His death of ours, nay vnborne Babes will misse,  
 And feele his absence. who had brought a blisse  
 To them, to all of them. For as we see  
 A goodly, spreading, large, and well-limbd tree  
 Doth guard the vnderwood, and doth immure  
 The houses neere, which by it are secure ;  
 So from all tempest, from all rage of winde  
 He would haue fenc'd his neighbours, and haue shin'd  
 Like Lights in Watch-towres, which are set to saue  
 Passengers from Rockes, and fury of the Waue.  
 This may coniectur'd bee, from what we saw,  
 His youth did beare, and promise. For if by  
 The foote of *Hercules* with Geometrie  
 His true proportion was collected, may  
 Not we on the same grounds proceed, and say  
 On sight of the foundation, this had beene  
 As faire an edifice as e're was seene,  
 If 't had gone on : it is prophane to say,  
 The Builder wanted skill, and stufte to lay  
 A perfect rooffe on what he had began,  
 And could not end this Master-piece of Man,  
 And therefore dasht it out, Wee all doe know  
 We were vnworthy of so great a flow,  
 And streame of goodnesse, that his innocence  
 Long since deseru'd to bee remooued hence :  
 Wherefore true Iustice plac'd Him neere the Throne  
 In



(3)

In heauen of one in three, of three in one.  
His life was spotlesse : as his sicknesse grew,  
So did his zeale and calmenesse : all is true  
In him, which Poets by hyperboly  
Giue their choyce friends to make their memory  
Immortall. Like a thankfull streame he ran  
To pay his debt vnto the Ocean.  
His Monuments of Learning were bestow'd  
Where he had his. He paid what ere he ow'd;  
Obedience to his Parents, Loue to all,  
Repentance, death for's sinnes in generall.

Verè lugentis Pietas.

**Q** *Vae Fata quondam cecinit Henrici, tibi  
Modò Musa, magne Iuuenis, exequias parat.  
Documenta mors maiora nunquam virium  
Dedit suarum, simile non potest malum,  
Ruina similis, Carolo superstite  
Saluoque rege, & integro cultu Dei,  
Accidere nobis: lector istorum benè est  
Si conualescat: deficit mihi spiritus.*

G. I.

**R** *Edde ô Depositum Patri petenti,  
Redde ô Depositum diserta sedes;  
Tanti non emo Literas, nec Antrum,  
Et Phœbi Tripodas, Deumque totum.  
Illum sub dubij tepore sensus,  
Et fuscâ biuij trementis horâ  
Luctantem, toties Lare in Paterno  
Emersisse, semel nec inde nostro?  
Illum tendiculas manumque Fati  
Prensantis toties cauere posse,  
Vt damni mora fœneraret ingens  
Huic auræ scelus, inuidumque nomen*

*Seruaret miseris ruina Musis ?  
Nunc iras veteres palam fatentur,  
Musis ab nimis asperæ sorores,  
Musis, irrita quod Sepulchra reddunt,  
Et fallunt tenebras silentis Vrnæ.*

*Iam fato cecidit Triumphus ingens,  
Non vulgare epulum rogi saginat,  
Sed Prænobile, quodque delicato  
Reddat iam procures sapore vermes.  
Cymbam nunc inopem rosis & alga  
Naclerus Stygiæ paludis ornat,  
Ornat sollicitus ; magisque sudat,  
Quam si nunc reduci foros pararet  
Æneæ, Domineque nauiganti.*

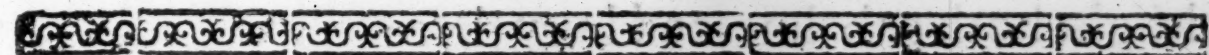
*Illo quot Veneres, Facetiasque  
Vernantes licuit videre vultu ?  
Quot pexo mulierculas in Ore,  
Et quantos animo viros adulto ?  
Vno non potuit iacere telo  
Virtus tam numerosa ; sed tenello  
Centum pectore condidit sagittas  
Fati certa lues : Character iræ  
Dum vestigia vulnerum fatetur  
(Seu morbus fuerat, Pudorue Morbi,)   
Crebris morsibus hinc & hinc rubescit.  
Absumptum est iaculis repente pectus,  
Et posses pharetram vocare metam ;  
Non sic fœmina spinulis refertum  
Puluillum iugulat, veneficæque  
Humanas fodiunt acu figuras :  
Non tot vulnera, tot per omne corpus  
Cæsar sustinuit, quot ille solo  
Sensit corde puer, Puerque spreuit*



(5)

*Ingens pectore, iamque vulnerato :  
Qui quamuis puer, ausus est minantes  
Non pallere Deas, ferociamque  
Ostentare viri, tuamque Cæsar,  
Dum stratis operit pudicus ora  
Obnubitque sinum ! ferox, & acer !  
Quem vinci puduit iubente Fato !*

Gulielmus Strode Art.Bac.



**S**leepe, sweetest youth, in thy still graue,  
Whom birth nor vertue could not saue,  
Nor louelineſſe nor youth could free,  
From this doome of mortality.  
Could we with teares thy life redeeme,  
Our eyes ſhould be a liuing ſtreame :  
Or elſe what would wee not contriue  
To giue, ſo heauen would thee repriue  
To older yeeres, and would thee ſaue  
Till old, thou might'ſt become a graue?  
Thou might'ſt depart then without wonder,  
When ſoule and body fall aſunder.  
But thou waſt louely, young, and wiſe,  
The comfort of our hopes and eyes ;  
Could Death diſcerne thy parts, or ſee ;  
Hee had enamored beene on thee :  
Thy beauty would force him forbear  
His churliſh dart, and ſhead a teare ;  
To ſee ſo faire an obiect ſtand,  
That loue and pittie could command ;  
And force compaſſion in each one,

(6)

That had or sence, or passion.  
But thou wast ripe for heauen, and wee  
Are left behind, to grieue for thee :  
Nor are we angry with that doome.  
Could wee weepe Amber, and entombe  
Those louely Reliques, which might blesse  
Our sorrow in thy happinesse ;  
That so our teares might thee embrace,  
And shrine thee in a louely place,  
So they vnto eternity  
Might both enbalme, and bury thee :  
Could we thus blesse our grieffe, and thee,  
Wee should weepe a glad Elegy.  
Had we such comfort in our teares,  
We'd weepe the remnant of our yeres,  
To halfe redeeme thee, could wee saue  
Thy ashes in so rich a graue.  
Though this is but a wished gift,  
Yet grieffe can make a louing shift,  
And know our loue can make a roome,  
As euerlasting as this Tombe.  
In spite of death, wee will thee saue,  
Both from the fate of death, and graue:  
Thy loue shall find, though life's thus spent,  
In each mans heart a Monument.  
Thus wee'le preferue thee, and contriue,  
Though dead, thou still shalt bee aliue.

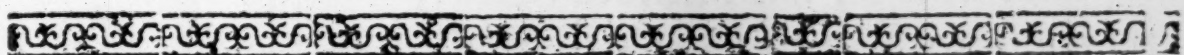
**I** Nuidia Fati, prima surrepta iuuenta,  
Hic iacet Oxonij gloria, delitia.  
Hunc populo indignum Musa rapuere benigno  
Amplexu, & gremio deposuere suo.  
Formam tota cohors Musarum deperit, ambit :

*Aeternum-*



*Æternumque aiunt, Hoc requiesce sinu.  
 Annorum spondent faciles per sacula lapsus  
 Dum rapit audaci mors inopina manu.  
 Inuidiam hanc ridet Musa, tumultoque reponunt  
 Carmineo, inuita & viuere morte iubent.  
 Sic quem mortalem Parca inuidere Cramænis  
 Æternum in nostro carmine tutus erit.*

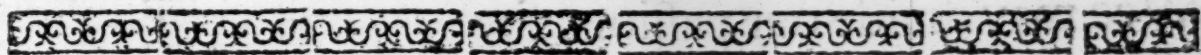
Gulielmus Pickering, Art. Bac.



De morbo quo fratres utriq; laborabant.

**C***orpora tam similes vestesque habuere colores,  
 Corpora nescires, an tunicata vides.  
 Tam similes utrique dedit morbusque figuras,  
 Fratres vel morbo noueris esse duos.  
 Sic morbi observant habitus; conformia Fata  
 Si fuerant, fratres viuere utrosque velint.*

Ioh. Euans Gen. Art. Bac.



**Q***uam fueras fratris morbo preposterus heres,  
 Ut uiuat titulis posthumus ille tuis?  
 Iam nimius fueras Hæres, natura Parens  
 Hæredem, fratris te tua Fata volunt,  
 Credibile est mortem tum lasciuisse pharetra,  
 Dum sic alternas vibrat utrisque minas.  
 Non errare potest dubie manus impia mortis,  
 Dum pro fratre mori gestit uterque prior.  
 Dum sic Bacchatur, Fatum est crudelius, alter  
 Fratri morbus erat te perijisse suo.*

Petr. Aspley in Art. Bac. Equitis Aur. &  
 Turris Londini præfect. primogenitus.

'Tis

**T**Is indeed, tis *Stanhopes* heire,  
 Whose corps lye muffled on this Beere :  
 (Which a pure loue, before it went,  
 Ennobled more then his descent)  
 But count his vertues, not his yeeres,  
 Or ghesse him by his Fathers teares,  
 And then no Son or Heir's desir'd,  
 But th'whole Name and Race expir'd.  
 Nor doth his death cause this our woe,  
 (Death's our nature, not our foe)  
 But that his life so soone being gone,  
 Made him a ghest, and not a sonne ;  
 That hee snatcht in's minoritie  
 Did rather loose his life, then die.  
 And now, his yeeres being vnderstood  
 To be so short, and yet so good,  
 Wee may diuide our passions so,  
 That we may grieue, yet wonder too.  
 His wit so ripe in youth so greene,  
 Made him ancient at fifteene ;  
 And now you see his face no more,  
 You would date him at threescore.  
 But if you would memorials keepe  
 Of this faire body lies asleepe,  
 That, looking on the toyes you weare,  
 Though hee bee gone, you'd thinke him heere :  
 First know, you do this soule no grace,  
 To catch his Ribbands, or his Lace,  
 Or (as the Iewes did heretofore)  
 To keepe his Earerings to adore:



If for his memory you care,  
 Weare his manners, not his haire.  
 Thinke on him in his latest rest,  
 When death had spawndvpon his brest,  
 And hurl'd those deadly Atomes on,  
 Enamel'd with corruption,  
 How still that harmelesse soule remaind  
 Among so many spots, vnstaind.  
 O why was Fate so soone seuer,  
 T'enchase those vgly Rubies there?  
 Nor will we mitigate the name,  
 And call them Measels; for the same  
 Were on the brothers body tride,  
 Nor yet complain wee that hee died;  
 Or how could Pin-dust, cast on's skin,  
 Cause his death to enter in?  
 Nor would then his Physicians skill  
 Suffer such Fleabites for to kill.  
 No, this was fatall, twas his lot  
 That from euery little spot,  
 Should be drawne a line athwart  
 To the Center of his heart.  
 Or else God from some higher place,  
 Seeded Manna on his face;  
 And sure tis so, or else hee'd ne're  
 Haue put him in this Omer heere.  
 Then let's now no more lament  
 The dead, (whose life so wel was spent,  
 That now for land, hee heauen doth share,  
 By his death a greater Heire)  
 But our selues: for sure tis worse,  
 To bee the Mourner then the Coarse.

Thomas Lockey, Art. Bac.

C

Ergone

**E**rgone non avidos Musarum expalluit haustus  
 Ille puer, falso strenuus ore loqui?  
 Ergone non imas puduit redolere lucernas,  
 Ut damno afficeret mox grauiore Patrem?  
 Siccine selegit mors illum ex omnibus unum?  
 Illum, delitiae qui modo Patris erat?  
 Dissimulare Patèr iam discas, vætibi, Fata  
 Inuida si norint, quis tibi charus erit.

**L**ooke on his body chequered o're with spots,  
 Looke on his soule vntainted with such blots.  
 His purer part is frighted at each sore,  
 Two Twins were neuer so vnlike before.  
 What wonder if a sudden parting bee,  
 Where thus the soule and body disagree :

*Edwardus Croke, Art. Bac.*

---

**A**Nd is our griefe so large? can't be confin'd  
 To Place, to Time, but showne to all mankind?  
 Must wee remooue his Corps, and so conuey  
 Our Thames to Trent, and weare another way  
 With teares? to dally with our griefe, & beare  
 About our losse, as if wee playd with feare?  
 Where doth this iourney after lifes iourney tend,  
 This trauaile after death, this endlesse end?  
 Resting he moues, and dead he stil doth rowle,  
 As if his body went to setke his soule:  
 'Twas not because we partners seeke of griefe,  
 The greatest sorrowes seldome craue reliefe.  
 Let's then diuide our woes, and let each care

Enioy



Enjoy that want, and in such sorrow share.  
 Tis fit (though heere hee died) that countreys wombe  
 That gaue him life, should likewise bee his Tombe:  
 To die, and to bee buried in one place,  
 Beseemes common mortality, his race  
 Merits no captiue rites, then let our losse  
 Bee as diffusiue as his goodnesse was.  
 What though hee trace mortality, and dye?  
 Death's a Refiner of Nobility:  
 And in a fresher mould, and purer fire,  
 Blazons him in a fairer Character.  
 This were an honest comfort, if being dead,  
 Our griefe could haue their obiekt buried:  
 If wee onely with our mem'ry did beare,  
 And with those eies alone to thinke him here.  
 But loe, here's part of him, which doth extend  
 His life beyond his life, nor doth death end  
 Himselfe, though halfe himselfe, for now in this  
 We both do view, although one whole we misse.  
 Nor doe we here retaine a Light so cleare,  
 As when two Suns pac'd in one Hemispheare,  
 Nor doe Tyndarides diuided shine  
 So bright, as when they both their Lights combine:  
 When two are link't and parted, then wee may  
 An obscure twilight call it, and no day.  
 Memorials of the good, and Pictures doe  
 Restore our griefe, and make vs loue our woe.  
 So when wee see his Brothers shape, these lips,  
 These eyes of his, these cheekes, that face, it strips  
 Vs of our sence, and foorthwith makes vs frame,  
 That tis no Brother, Picture, but the same:  
 And writes his Name afresh, lest griefe should dye:  
 Each limbe of his speakes his mortality.

This is our ioy, our grieve, that wee request  
Almost of that loue to bee dispossess.

His yeeres I neede not compute, since Fate  
His riper vertues, not his yeeres doth date,  
Which who so dares to number, must confesse  
Hee flanders, by commending happinesse.  
But's richer soule wee must admire, not praise  
That groser Heraldry despaires to blaze.

Adored Saint, or more, if more there bee  
Of thy blest Reliques onely knowne to thee;  
Wee doe confesse th'art gone, and yet our losse  
If told, is vnderualued, so grosse,  
So young are our complaints, that wee lament  
In petty Notions; sorrowes rudiment:

Our infant teares yet knowes not all our woe,  
Because wee knewe not all that was to growe  
In him, a graft all hope, but riper yeeres  
Shall teach vs how to parallell our teares,  
And so improoue wee may, (as hee did grow  
In vertue) dayly thriving in our woe.

Can then that Riuer which by thee doth slide,  
Bee so vnmindfull, not to bee full Tide,  
And not ore-flow his bounds? O be so good  
To saue a wonder, lest wee force a flood;  
Swell thou (*Meander* streames) let flow thy teares,  
Better proportioned to our fruitfull feares;  
Or let that Dog-starre cause thee to bee spent,  
As't did his life, our eyes shall weepe a Trent,  
And make his Tombe an Iland, thou shalt bee  
(*Shelford*) more famous for mortality.  
And thou the Wel-spring, which with Arts didst flow,  
(*Bereaue* Oxford) be a well of woe.

Ler



Let Future times this first note learne of thee,  
Here dyed a *Stanhope*. Thus thou learn'd may bee.

**V**Ve doe not here examine why  
His Tutor suffred him to die,  
As if his watchfulnesse had slept :  
For sure hee was by *Argos* kept,  
And had hee not a *Stanhope* beene,  
Hee might his Natures Tutor seeme :  
But wee question that which forc't  
God and man to bee diuorc't.  
That first Question, that Where, that Why,  
That sentenc'd first our soules to dye.  
If fruit now haue that power of death,  
As in the child-hood of the earth,  
Which Fruit to cloake we Leaues put on,  
Cloth'd with our owne transgression.  
No, know his soule so pure, so good,  
And how corruption it withstood ;  
That needed almost had his skinne  
Rather to bee baptiz'd then sinne.  
Though Cherries sowne in such a place,  
That what hee ate, hee wore in's face,  
Yet euery twinkling spot did lye  
Like Starres, but in a fairer Skie ;  
Such beauty might the Moone remoue,  
Sooner then *Endymions* loue.  
And from his kisse her light to come,  
Rather then from that common Sun.  
If then Measels spangled thus,  
Imbroidered his face no worse ;  
If his disease so modest bee,  
And blush at it's owne cruelty ;

Then what may his beauty claime,  
 Whom his sicknesse thus became;  
 And in the twilight of his dayes,  
 Chequ'ed his countenance with Rayes,  
 Presaging like a rubyed night,  
 The Sunne awak't to shine more bright :

If then our grieve bee not at height,  
 Behold his Fathers sorrowes weight,  
 Whose heauy iourney wing'd with feares,  
 Cauf'd his body sweat with teares,  
 And each officious limbe turn'd eye,  
 Claiming their duty for to cry :  
 And well I thinke all eye was hee,  
 That in a double night did see,  
 Nor will I euer that approoue,  
 When thus it sees that blind is loue :  
 For fatherly affection may,  
 Though it bee night, create a day:

Now with an honest heresie,  
 I could renounce Philosophy,  
 That seeing thus their passions knit,  
 His Father did his soule beget,  
 And if it were not so, then why  
 Did's Fathers Fate teach him to dye,  
 And by his Prophetick death,  
 Make him's Heire in's losse of breath :  
 So that alone, which had the might  
 To part them, did them co-vnite :

Nor doth goodnesse cease with breath,  
 See liberality after death,  
 Gilding each Parish as they fall,  
 (For each place claimes his Funerall)  
 Where he raines a siluer showre,



Making each Towne like *Danaes* Towre.  
 Or as a snail which neuer more  
 Returns the way sh'ath gone before,  
 Christs the path where shee doth passe,  
 To signifie there her way was.  
 Nor any other Tombe shee'le haue  
 But her shell, her house her graue:  
 So will *Stanhope* no where lye,  
 But where hee had's natiuity.

Though *Ægypt* claimes hee died in her,  
 Yet *Canaan* must his bones interre.

*Richardus Chaworth, Art. Bac.*

---

**I**S *Stanhope* dead? and are our eyes yet dry?  
 Can wee out-face our griefe so constantly?  
 Doth not hard-hearted *Athens* yet lament,  
 That is depriu'd of such an Ornament,  
 A Sonne and a *Mecenas*? Can shee find  
 One that deseru'd so well that's left behind?  
 Mourne then sad *Athens*, and in memory  
 Of such a hopefull Sonne, weepe out an eye:  
 Doe something, that posterity may know,  
 So great a losse cannot bee smother'd so.  
 And you sad Brothers, whose yet weeping eyes  
 Threaten a flood of teares, whose memories  
 Are yet fresh-gauld with sorrow, whose hearts weepe  
 Channels of blood for teares, whose cheekes yet keep  
 The furrowed gutters where their sorrow flowes,  
 Whose foreheads are the ensignes of their woes,  
 Make him a verse or two, let him not dye,  
 And perish quite from the worlds memory;  
 Hurle something into feet, and let it runne

Madding



Madding abroade, to tell what Death hath done.  
 Had hee this entertainement when hee came  
 To honour Athens? might not *Stanhopes* Name  
 Haue priuiledg'd him from death? could Shelford giue  
 Him to himselfe? and send him heere to liue?  
 And must wee giue him death? must Athens prooue  
 A Step-mother, and quite forget to loue?  
 Yet thus much let vs honour him, though dead,  
 Let him bee honourably buried;  
 Yet that's not all; wee must not leaue him thus,  
 Our sorrow must bee more ingenious.  
 One that deseru'd to liue so long as he,  
 Must not bee hasten'd to his destiny.

Thus farre his death hath brought him: let vs striue  
 To reinfomre him, that hee may reuiue,  
 And thus much crosse the Fates, that thus much durst  
 To make him liue, when they haue done their worst.  
 Let vs record his vertues, which deseru'd  
 To bee ingrauen in gold, or bee referu'd  
 In trusty Cædar, which when wee are dead,  
 Among our childrens children may bee read;  
 Where some may ioy to heare them told, and some  
 May lispe them out as they were taught at home.  
 They neede not feare mis-reckoning, hee had all,  
 And all hee thought a number too too small.  
 Hee was an heauen on earth, in whom combin'd  
 His vertues like a Constellation shin'd:  
 In which each starre prick't with a iealous feare,  
 Did striue to bee the glory of his Spheare:  
 His Noble birth shin'd like a Ruby set  
 To bee the grace of a rich Cabbinet;  
 His education shaddowing it o're,

So



So well becom'd it, that it shin'd the more.  
 His pretty and ingenuous face did looke  
 Like the good Title of an honest Booke :  
 His comely shape, which did become him best,  
 Look't like the Sanctuary of the rest:  
 As if the patterne were some Deity,  
 Which Nature coppied his perfections by.  
 Vertues amazed with a fond delight,  
 Gazing and doting at so sweet a sight :  
 At length with full embraces did oppresse  
 This Microcosme, or world of happinesse.  
 Where with an emulating industry,  
 Each shewing an obsequious Piety,  
 Labour'd to better Nature, and goe on  
 With that rare work which nature had begun.  
 His affable and willing Courtesy  
 Claim'd vpper hand of his Nobility,  
 He was right Noble, borne of *Stanhopes* blood,  
 But was thrice Noble, being borne so good.  
 His courteous salutings seem'd to bee  
 Notable Emblemes of humility :  
 His heart was like his eyes, which tower'd so high,  
 They stoopt not to the lure of vanity.  
 Doe yee not wonder yet ? then stay and see  
 His learning ballanc'd with his infancy ;  
 Marke but how young hee was, how ripe in wit,  
 His learning him, and hee had honour'd it :  
 Hee needes not Armes to shew his Ancestry,  
 That was so Noble by's owne Heraldry :  
 Neither need Logicke prooue hee was a man,  
 When he could proue as much as logicke can.  
 Could hee bee idle, that with easie paines  
 Summon'd each Coast, & call'd them by their names?

Wanted he knowledge, whose Minority  
 Durst be acquainted with Philosophy :  
 Speake, art thou yet so stupid, to deny  
 That he was too good for Mortality :  
 He was growne old in goodnes, and could see  
 The way to heauen, euen in his Infancie.

*Henricus Humberston, Art. Bac.*

---

*Vpon the custome to pay to euery Parish, through  
 which the dead Corps is carried.*

**W**Hy ist you stop our rites, as though a Dearth  
 Of Pence had made new ferry-mē on earth :  
 And ist such charges for to dye, that wee  
 By Water and by Land too pay a Fee :  
 Why with such strictnesse, doe you aske your pay,  
 As though you bargain'd for the Kings High-way :  
 I thought at least our Carkasse might haue bin  
 Quiet in Death, in that our latest Inne.  
 Or that naild Coffins, or vnwrapped Lead,  
 From all vexation safe had kept the dead.  
 Let him in peace walke to his silent Caue,  
 To the long solemne progresse of his graue :  
 Trouble not his Procession : for ye  
 Him this way wandring neuer more shall see.  
 He comes not to possesse your grounds or lands,  
 Or on your Tenements to seaze his hands;  
 He is no Court-messenger, to take in  
 Lodgings or house-roome for the State or King :  
 Hee's but's owne Harbinger to prouide roome,  
 E'ne for a little earth, fixe foote of Tombe :

Then



Then let him passe, vntroubled with those feares,  
And wee will follow after with our teares.

O let's wrap one teare vp, to shew his Hearse,  
Hee cannot bee so soone forgot : a Verse,  
Well spent, Embalmes him richer then the cost  
Of precious oyntment on his body lost:  
Which onely for the Wormes perfumes his flesh,  
And makes it but more handsome rottennesse :  
But this doth quicken Fame, and this doth raise  
A volume of sorrow for after-dayes,  
That men, ten Ages hence, may weepe to see  
Such hopefull Plants, such thriving grafts as hee,  
So young, and yet so full of age, so good,  
To feele vntimely blasting in the bud.  
As though 'twere Natures pride to deale with vs,  
As Mothers with their froward Infants vse,  
Who bribe them quiet with a costly Iemme,  
But being still, doe steal't away agen.  
The world was peeuish, froward, till to light  
Was brought this rich, this high-priz'd Margarite;  
Which being seene, gaz'd on, and wondred at,  
Was reconuaid to Heauen, its proper seat,  
Where Angels ware it, any blest powers it set  
In their owne truely-glorious Cabinet.  
No sooner had we seene this Iemme, but see  
The want thereof, such happinesse haue wee,  
So blessed are we; O what greater ill,  
To haue had good, and not to haue it still?

How we renew our grieffe? how prone we bee  
To shed new teares, as often as we see  
Thy Fellow-Brother sadly walke alone,  
Without a like-clad Brother, too well knowne?  
What pittie 'tis to part the Turtle Doue

From his Mate? to part two Twins? for in loue  
 None elder was, one soule the store-house was  
 Of both affections, and though they passe  
 For two, yet trust me, I did then descry  
 As the same soule in a feuer'd body.  
 Hee that suruiues, takes vantage by thy fall,  
 To shew his last loue to thy Funerall;  
 To thy memory his best griefe to giue,  
 And to thy Shrine a Votary to liue,  
 To offer sighs and sobs, complaints and feaers,  
 And sweetly weepe foorth Elegiacke teares,  
 To blame thy Phyficke, & to vex their skill,  
 Which is profoundly mysticall to kill.  
 And then with passion to excuse their part,  
 And say the Cherries kill'd thee, not their Art:  
 And truely wish that guilty cursed fruit,  
 May with the Apples curse, and figtrees suite.  
 That their Sodom increase blacke ashes bee  
 Which more become a coffin, then a tree:  
 That they ne're come to ripenes, but be snatcht  
 Away as greene, as thou from him art catcht.  
 Thus his diuided soule, with griefe and loue  
 Striues still for new, his first thoughts to remooue:  
 So to thy fortunes although hee bee Heire,  
 His heart and blacks alike sad Emblemes are.

But mourne no more, his soule was due long since,  
 And now vnbody'd for the Angels Prince:  
 The first borne Gods Heire is, reioyce hee's gone,  
 For 'twas his iustice to make him his owne.

*T. Triplet, Art. Bac.*



**W**E that empty on thy Hearse,  
 Our passions in teares or verse,  
 Will not blame thy hasty Fate,  
 Nor say thou didst not fill thy date  
 Of a iust age, lest wee deny  
 Thy vertue, her natiuity :  
 And so by the vntimely Layes,  
 Not Fate, but we abridge thy dayes.  
 If wee search thy lifes account,  
 'Tis not to what thy yeeres amount :  
 Nor calculated by thy youth,  
 But by thy vertues riper growth ;  
 We iudge a Circles excellence,  
 Not by the large Circumference,  
 But as the compasse it doth grace,  
 With an vndistorted pace.  
 No lesse of thy short race wee say,  
 It's drawne home the neerer way,  
 Passing vntill it met thy Fate  
 With an vnperuerted gate.  
 For carried with thy grauity,  
 What errorr could it driue awry ?  
 No wonder 'tis, that oft wee know,  
 A new prepost'rous childhood grow  
 In such, as vnder that age shake,  
 Which their selues a burthen make :  
 Let vs wonder now wee see  
 In Childhood, ages constancy :  
 And thinke hee not vntimely dyed,  
 In whom wee saw this wonder tryed ;  
 Wee'le spare our passions, & our teares:  
 This hath made vp thy failing yeeres.

**V**T possit cineri tanto par urna parari,  
 Et mole inducta nobilis urna premi,  
 Hic Dirces opus est, feretro succumbat alumnus,  
 Cuius non semel est sylva secuta chelyni.  
 Cantilletque melos, ad saxa cienda, canorum  
 Vnde tibi sterni forma supina potest.  
 Nullus populeo, lachrymata cortice, myrrha.  
 Subtili cælo marmora ficta linet,  
 Urceolis nostris lachrymas fundemus, & inde  
 Cæmentum accipiet flebilis urna suum.

Thomas Fowler, Art. Bac.

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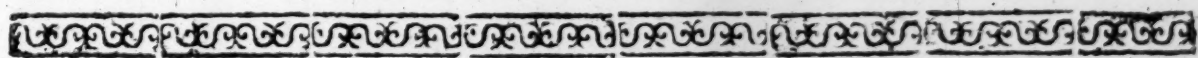
**M**Aiori succumbit Atlas iam pondere cæli,  
 Et queritur sensisse nimis, miserique lacerti  
 Ceu tonitrus crepitant, illos dum turba tuarum  
 Virtutum concreta premit, dum mente Gygantem  
 Sustenant, & naturæ compendia nostræ;  
 Hic habuit solus, quicquid possedimus omnes.  
 En quantum Eloquium frontis, ridentis ocelli  
 Blanditiæ quanta, toto via lactea vultu  
 Spiravit. Non est è vino lacte papille,  
 Linea cælestis, candore notabilis ipso,  
 His radijs facta est. Quam prodigiosa tumentis  
 Luxuria ingenij, stupefactos efficit omnes,  
 Incestatque fidem. Studio fallente laborem  
 Fortinè fruitur, semper tantum artis honesta  
 Arsit auaritia, & querenti hac defuit illi.  
 Diuinos artus macula dum fata profanant,  
 Ecce Medusæo festinat præpete tristis  
 Sollicitusque Pater. Numen tibi nocte diurna  
 Indulget, dictatque vias. Quas vertis in undas,  
 Diluuiem meditans, Ioue iam nolente, secundam.

Contendit



*Contendit pro morte Pater, sibi vendicat ævo :  
 O quàm magnus amor, si hæc sit discordia sola  
 Discordes habuisse metus : hic illius, ille  
 Huius Fata timet : Quædam est victoria Patris,  
 Sæpeque premoritur : quasi sollicitare petebat  
 Christum etiam in cælis, ut saluum redderet illum  
 Prodigio, sic sic istum valuisse deceret.*

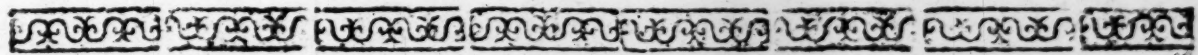
*Io. Dawson, Art. Bac.*



*De variolis, quibus infestus obiit, &  
 in morbum relapsu.*

*C**Vm Puer, hosce lues premeret vibicibus Artus,  
 Placatisque fores Stellio numinibus,  
 Non tulit illa suæ natura pericula sortis,  
 Et repulit morbi versicoloris opus.  
 Conatus libuit modicos contemnere, donec  
 Constitit, heu, nimios delituisse dolos.  
 Parthica fraus morbi (nimis heu tibi Barbarus hostis)  
 Tela retro misit, plus nocuitque fuga.  
 Sic vitæ strategema tuæ tua Fata pararant :  
 (Te visa est Fatis vita parasse tuis)  
 Fælices animæ, quarum consortia cælum  
 Ambit, ut haud pigeat composuisse dolos.  
 Conticet Idaeum iam tandem fabula raptum,  
 Repperit Achetypum cum Ganymedis amor.*

*Geo. Griffith, in Art. Bac.*



*I**Cannot weepe for griefe, in men wee prooue  
 Teares to bee Embleames but of childrens loue :  
 Nor*

Nor is't but bastard sorrow which we show,  
 When we on Funerals Cakes and Wine bestow  
 More thoughts, than on the buried, then alone,  
 When we not plumpe for teares, we truely mone.  
 So truely mone I thee, who, ere thou died,  
 At once wert Natures, and thy Fathers pride.  
 Kings, Queenes, and Princes of their Comets haue  
 As Tragicall fore-runners of their graue :  
 The Sunne it selfe, as in the West it stood  
 Vshring thy face, lookt like a globe of blood,  
 Not two houres ere thou dyedst; and they say,  
 His frighted Orbe would faine haue run away,  
 Wer't not hedg'd in with Planets, three and three,  
 On either side, for feare't should be too free :  
 O that thy soule, like th'Sunne in his owne Spheare,  
 Had still remain'd; then friends, without a teare,  
 Might both haue seene, and hug'd thee, then yet might  
*Oxford* and *Shelford* haue enioy'd their light.  
 But Fate preuents my wishes, and now see  
*Ioues* Royall Bird, the soules first resedy,  
 Not naturally to heauen ascending,  
 But by Arts faigned miracle, pretending  
 A better flight: thinke how the other three,  
 Allyed in Name and Consanguinity,  
 All Heires deceas'd, doe gratulate this one,  
 In making there a Constellation,  
 Like to *Deltoton*, which before might be  
 Th'vnhappy Dog-starre, 'cause there was but three.  
 But as from *Phanix* ashes springs another,  
 So out of thine an Heire, a younger Brother.  
 But what's the comfort, when each Chaire & Board,  
 Like breathing Ghosts, cry out their former Lord :  
 If that for freer Ayre, he chance to walke

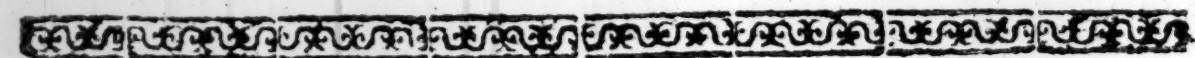
Amongst



Amongst the curled wood, trees seeme to stalke.  
 Each thing renewes his brothers memory,  
 Or seemes his brother: If the streames thereby  
 Whisper, hee thinkes they call him, straightway feares  
 And striues to make a greater flood with teares:  
 Perhaps the harmelesse flowres doe kisse his feete,  
 Hee thinkes they mocke him, goes to th'open streete,  
 Where as hee walkes, beleeuers each tongue and eye  
 To speake and looke his Brothers destiny.  
 A Lethargie's on mee, nor can I write  
 Whats Poet-like, while I conceiue this spite  
 Of vniust Fortune, yet I cease to brawle:  
 A Satyre ill becomes a Funerall.  
 If euer it did thine, the Poets braine  
 Could ne're inuent such a malignant straine  
 As fortune acts on thee, while thou preuent  
 The Dog-dayes Physicke in deaths punishment:  
 Thy face may rebeget in th'Mothers Wombe,  
 A Monster fram'd of griefe, whose liuing Tombe  
 Shall bee the hearts of all that doe lament  
 To see this Coffin, this Heires Tenement.  
 I dare not cease, lest iudg'd by my owne feares,  
 To bee as thrifty of my lines as teares;  
 Yet who respects them, stones doe sweat and weepe  
 Other mens sorrowes, but when those that sleepe,  
 Awake and know neglect of friends, they then  
 Will gratifie more Marble stones then men.  
 But feare not thou, hee that shall euer see  
 Thy Brothers shaddow, sure will thinke it thee:  
 Thou liuest in him though dead, and as thou dyed,  
 Thou seemest to dye in iest, so sweetly lyed  
 Each colour in his owne place, fear'd to part  
 Thinking thou imitat'st a Players Art.

But now they're vanisht, yet thou art not farre,  
 A Planet here, about a fixed Starre.  
 Thou, though an Heire, wert but an earthly clod,  
 Yet Death hath made thee more; an Heire with God.

Thomas Motershead, Art. Bac.



**T**erra, & sepulchrum, funus, & lachryma breues,  
 Et complementum quodq; plebeia necis  
 Procul recedant; fortis et doctus dolor  
 Emanet oculis, spiret & musam nisi  
 Totus virilis, plenus & dignus Deo.  
 Aeternitati, noster, atq; umbræ pie,  
 Litet Poeta, carminis vires sui  
 Hinc mutuatur hinc, quibus vitam dedit  
 Ipsum cadauer (melius ab daret sibi)  
 Sumus argumento docti, at & nobis tamen  
 Hoc istud aufers; victor at quare procul  
 Frater recedit? Mors in hunc vires suas  
 Experta, victa est, igitur in fratrem ruens  
 Pudore rubuit, & verecundo dolo  
 Intus recedens, occupat cordis sinum,  
 Et se fateri metuit, hinc audax foras  
 Egressus ipse est, addit & morbo suo  
 Cerasi ruborem, (cuius insidias ADAM  
 Non ipse fugeret) mortis & miro modo  
 Rubore nimio pallet ab tandem nimis.  
 Et ipse palles, spiritus tanquam duos  
 Animaret vnus, incipis primum mori,  
 Docesq; natum, qui patriæ ait nimis,  
 Nimumq; monstrat indolem promptam suam,



Leto vel ipso, gaudet & discens mori.  
 Campana magna sonuit & nato, & tibi,  
 Ambosq; gemuit ipsa secreto tamen,  
 Horamq; Nonam facta iam fallax boat,  
 Mortemq; pariter, timuit hanc palam loqui.  
 Dormite tandem, non Magistratus opus  
 Autoritate est, ambulat tantum dolor;  
 Turgensq; factus quisq; iam lachrymis suis  
 Inebriatur, gemitus Epicuros facit.  
 Solare iam te, fortiter tandem gemas,  
 Solare coniungem, ecce qui vicit necem;  
 Spes germinantes, & reuiucentes duos  
 Vno videbis, corpore & mentem gerens  
 Geminatam in vno, fiet Henricus tibi  
 Fraterq; & ipse, cerasa tam fratri mala  
 Labris in ipsis gestat, atq; eius potest  
 Imago mortis esse, qui vita volet.

### Epitaphium.

**H**oc situs in tumulo est, pro quo lapis insitus ille  
 Marmoris in lachrymas quisq; solutus erit.  
 Canus doctrinæ est, annis quam paruus! at istos  
 Quos natura negat tradidit ipse sibi.  
 Nobilitans stirpem virtutum fanore, & haeres  
 Patris opum merito, qui pietatis erat,  
 Occidit Oxoni, iacet hic; terra ista gemiscis  
 Ereptum, quem sic hac habuisse dolet.  
 Debuit at luctus tam publicus esse, iacere  
 Vno non poterat tanta querela loco.

Posuit officij ergo  
 Geor. Aglionby, Art. Bac.  
 E 2 Vpon

Vpon the vntimely death of the Right Noble  
Gentleman, Master *Iohn Stanhope*, Sonne and  
Heire to the Right Honourable *Philip*  
Lord *Stanhope*, Baron of  
*Shelford*.

SO great, so good, and yet so soone to dye:  
Sure, there was Godhead in's mortality,  
Of which the greedy heauens, enuying the earth,  
Snatcht to themselves, leauing to vs a dearth  
Of goodnesse, of vertue a meere penury;  
Blasting the hope of an vnstain'd family:  
Vnstain'd, and free from such grand villanies  
Which poison Honour, hee knew none of these  
Hereditary euils, and crimes which some  
As 'twere essentiall bring, euen from their wombe:  
But like to Demi-gods, all his Progeny  
Were good, and honest, innocent as hee:  
Hee, whose refined soule goodnesse alone  
Ingroft, clayming each vertue as his owne:  
Who with his other-selfe did still appeare,  
Like to the Twins in heauen, and shone as cleare;  
No cloudy vice did e're eclipse their light,  
They shone by day as th'other doe by night;  
And as they were, so did they Brothers proue,  
But not so much by Nature, as by Loue.  
Whose sharpest anger ne're did mooue their blood;  
The strife was onely which should bee most good:  
Thus curious Nature strove to shew her Art  
In these, giuing two bodies, but one heart.

And



And such an heart which each would sacrifice,  
 To dry the teares flowing from eithers eyes.  
 Mee thinks I see when one diseased lay,  
 The others loue steale the disease away;  
 And when his sicknesse broke foorth of the skinne,  
 With what resolu'd loue hee strooke it in,  
 To free his Brother, and to bee sure at last  
 Rather then faile, hee'd perish by the taste  
 Of fruit enuy'ng his cheekes, seeming to bee  
 Th'vnhappy fruit of a forbidden tree.  
 By which perceiuing death to hasten on,  
 Hee breath'd out prayers with such deuotion,  
 That his religious Father doubtfull stood,  
 If hee should liue, or die, hee died so good.  
 Whose blest departure prou'd him thus to bee,  
 Full ripe for heauen in his infancy.

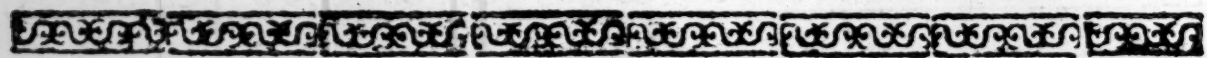
*Row. Crosby, Art. Bac.*

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**T**O tell our losse, so well to each man knowne,  
 Were to lament our selues, not him that's gone:  
 That were to cry out helpe to those that lye  
 By the same grieve dead to eternity.  
 Alas ! that men may fully vnderstand  
 Whom 'tis they lose, requires thy braine, thy hand.  
 But since th'art gone, and wee cannot relate  
 Thy worth so liuely, yet let's imitate  
 Thy life, by one that's left vs, for no other  
 So perfect is, as thou art in thy Brother.  
 For what thing was it, thou enioyd'st aliue,  
 That thou didst not impart or wholly giue  
 Vnto thy Brother, hee againe as true  
 Thought himself then most blest, when most like you.

And of this loue there euer was such shew,  
 As it was thought they would haue both dy'd too.  
 Perchance he ate the Cherries, for to make  
 Himselfe red-colour'd for his brothers sake.  
 But O vnhappy triall ! they did proue  
 Too crafty farre, for his well-meaning loue.  
 Did we not lose enough when *Adam* fell  
 By thee, curst Fruit ? but thou must longer still  
 Produce our miseries, and when w're best,  
 By tempting one must murther all the rest.  
 Was he too good for Earth, & did heau'n call  
 To haue him there, so that he needs must fall ?  
 If so, tis well ; for it was equity,  
 Mankind and hee by the same Fate should dye.  
 But though th'art dead, thy memorie suruiues,  
 And thy good deeds shall out-last others liues.

*Guliel. Buckner, Art. Bac.*



**D***Epositum (Stanhope) tuum (memorande) supremum,*  
*Ipse pater patriâ concumulauit humo.*  
*Nec licuit feretro nobis suspendere Carmen,*  
*Nec Trenta lachrymas annumerare tuo.*  
*Nostra tamen similes lacrymarum Nympha lacunas*  
*Hauriet, & Trentâ non minor Isis erit.*

**W**eepe, weepe, your sorrowes are well paid,  
 'Tis a *Stanhope* here is laid,  
 You that see this Monument,  
 And cannot at this sight lament,  
 The conscious Marble will you show,  
 How to discharge your comely woe.

*Either*



Either you may th'occasion fit,  
 By melting into teares like it :  
 Or if you punish not your eye,  
 By weeping, cause it fatally  
 Behold his Tombe, then may you mone,  
 By standing stupid, like the stone.  
 Yet both these sorrowes are well paid,  
 'Tis a Stanhope here is laid.

*Guli. Tresham, Equitis Aurat. Filius.*

**I**mmittis properare necem Libitina, potirè  
 Dum tanto exoptat coniuge, fata iubet.  
 Spiritus, ingenium, genius, decor oris, & ortus  
 Stemmata quem celebrant, amula fata prema st.  
 Indole maturum flos indolis abstulit, illum,  
 Dum numerat laudes, quis negat esse senem ?  
 Non aui breuitate fuit fraudata tropæis  
 Gloria, cum fuerit copia nulla nouis.  
 Laude viget, cuius fraterna videtur imago  
 Accipere & parili reddere fata vice.

In Canem coelestem : eò quòd circa initium  
 dierum Canicularium mortuus sit.

**L**Ege nimis durâ funebria iusta referre  
 Icarij cogis feruida stella canis.  
 Icaria peiora precor tibi fata ruina,  
 Dum tua sic lachrymas sorbet anihela sitis.

*Petrus Tryon, Armig. Fil. nat. max.*

*In*

*In Variolarum luem qua interijt.*

**H**oc Iuuenem placido decus immortale Sepulchro  
*Aspice, qui viuens immaculatus erat.*  
*Dixissem si non fera Mors, morbiq; perosi*  
*Polluerant, moriens immaculatus erat.*  
*Ah Lethi crudele genus, cum tetrica vultus*  
*Abstulit, & tenero scuit in ore lues!*  
*Dulcia deformes ederunt oscula morbi,*  
*Nec data sunt auido pura labella rogo.*  
*Tam celeri si seu a gradu ventura fuissent,*  
*Nonne alia poterant fata venire via?*  
*Sed Mors seu a decus properauit perdere vultus,*  
*Ne posset duras flectere forma Deas.*

**T**Is not Nobility that is of force,  
 To stop the Progresse of this Tyrants course;  
 Nor mortall can vnto himselfe assume  
 A sparke of time, when Fate hath past her doome.  
 So fraile are all Earths momentary things;  
 That Death a Tribute claimes of greatest Kings:  
 But Death hath had her pay, and he his Crowne,  
 Where neither Death can strike, nor Fate can frown.

*Gul. Pennyman Armig. filius natu*  
*max. Ex Æde Christi.*

---

**W**ert not that dayly spectacles deny  
 A difference betweene Nobility  
 And other Pigmy Mortals, good and bad,  
 The old and young, we iust occasion had,  
 Of admiration, when we doe behold

Thee



Thee so good, young, and noble, vnder mould.  
 But when the Graues and Sepulchres we view,  
 We turne our admiration from you,  
 Not wondring that a life so short you led,  
 But that our selues haue spun so large a thred  
 Of our Mortality, when all places see  
 Some dye continually ; so that we  
 Need draw our neuer-discontinued teares  
 Vnto the Period of our latest yeeres.  
 Here one fall's sicke, and dyes, & there another;  
 Griefe for whose death, killeth, perhaps, his Brother,  
 Father, or Mother : so it far'd with thee :  
 For not thou onely, but a Family  
 Did seeme in thee to die, for loe, thy Father,  
 Secure of any worse mishap, had rather  
 Suffer himselfe some perill, than that death  
 Before his comming, should cloze vp thy breath.  
 He comes, and iourneying thrice with humble knee  
 Fall's to the Earth, yet being vtterly  
 Insensible of this, through the great fire,  
 Kindled by Loue, obtaineth his desire.  
 Thy Mother, fearing that thy houre was come,  
 Striues to bring forth another in thy roome ;  
 And so with motherly compassion, loth  
 To lose the one, endangereth you both.  
 Thy Brother of thy Fortune æmulous,  
 Striues to preuent thee, whose ingenuous  
 Loue and good-will to thee did then appeare,  
 When thy last houre did shew he held thee deare.  
 He faine to heauen would thy fore-runner bee,  
 And there prouide place for himselfe and thee.  
 Wherefore he often offers willingly,  
 Ransome to pay for thy deliucry;

And on condition thou maist here remaine,  
 Dyes often, but deny'd, reuiues againe  
 To his great griefe, at last, when nought would doe,  
 Cryes out, and saies, Shall we be parted too?  
 Tis true, you must awhile, yet weepe no more,  
 Since all your teares will not his life restore:  
 Then since your weeping can't recall him gone,  
 Waile not his death, seeke to preuent your owne.

*Ad defuncti fratrem.*

**D***Efunctus foret ipse sibi tanta indolis haeres,  
 Si possent iusta flectere fata preces.  
 Sed Natura negat: cui munera tanta relinquet,  
 Cum nuda Elysios umbra pererret agros?  
 Deuouet hac fratri: hunc heredem ex asse relinquit,  
 Quem socium tanta Nobilitatis habet.  
 Viue tibi & fratri, duplicem sortitus honorem  
 Sisq; haeres illi moribus ingenio.*

Thomas Ballowe, Alumnus.

---

**A**N Heire, and dead? must some erected Tombe  
 Cloze in the bowels of an earthly wombe,  
 Stanhopes great Heire? must it a Trophy bee  
 Of his decease? boast we in misery?  
 Are these the Lands that he was borne vnto?  
 To lye dead in some Ephrons Field of woe?  
 O tell me, Death, why is he turn'd to dust?  
 Wilt thou plead Fates decree, and cry, He must?  
 Is thy best reason a necessity,  
 Or grounded Maxime in Philosophy?  
 He was not old, for age he did not dye,

Nor



Nor was the onely cause Mortality:  
 This was the chiefeft reason he deceaft,  
 Thy hunger was ingenuous, and to feaft  
 Was thy desire, thou't not picke the bone  
 Of fome Anatomy or Skeleton:  
 As for a Carkaffe hanging in the Ayre,  
 Halfe eaten vp by Time, thou doft not care.  
 The Wormes are Epicures, whose enuious strife,  
 Deuoures that Carkaffe that had giuen them life;  
 Nor can I blame them that they fo doe eate,  
 Though hee's a Courfe, yet is he dainty meat.

*Eduard. Price, Alumnus.*

---

**I** Thinke it is a policie in Death,  
 To take the young, and spare the aged breath.  
 Nature's the bane of old men; Times decree  
 Sends them a packing; Death, they need not Thee;  
 Thou onely seru'ft to crop our tender yeeres,  
 To draw from Parents eyes abortiue teares;  
 Thou letst them liue, their children tak'ft away,  
 Knowing that sorrow will be their decay; find  
 But Death, pale, enuious Death! how could'st thou  
 Out the sweet picture of so pure a mind?  
 Me thinkes, although thy bloody Dart were steel'd  
 With thy sad purpose; yet it must needs yeeld,  
 To see the Father melting into teares,  
 His sad acquaintance, and his Brothers feares;  
 Who sent as many sighes vnto the Pole,  
 As might haue made, or else excus'd a soule.  
 The Roome mournd where he lay, the weeping stones  
 Ioyn'd with his friends in their relenting mones.

Death might haue well mistaken, being sent  
 For one, to see so many that wayes bent;  
 The Father three times offerd to haue payd  
 Him-selfe for his Sonnes ransome; had Death stayd  
 His hasty hand, hee had found many more  
 That had bin fitter to haue payd this score.  
 Alas, he was but in the blossom yet  
 Of tender yeeres, though aged for his wit:  
 Hee had some insight into euery Art,  
 That to *Nobility* might adde a part:  
 His Parents reapt as much ioy from his spring,  
 As many childrens Haruest home doth bring.

But hee is fled away to passe the time  
 Hee ow'd to vs, in a farre better Clime:  
 There shall his Summer and his Haruest bee,  
 Where hee shall neuer any Winter see.

Then, Parents, grieue no more; for he's in ioy;  
 Doubt not; wipe yours; his teares are wip't away.  
 Death tells mee, he was old enough to die,  
 And young enough to liue eternally.

*Geruase Warmstrey, Alumnus.*

---

What fatall booke is this, which doth declare,  
 That Noble *Stanhope's* house has lost her heyre:  
 A Sermon preach'd at *Shelford*! ah, tis so,  
*Stanhope* is layd in Earth, these lines of woe,  
 Demonstrate he is dead: yet stay, wer't he,  
 Oxford would put on sorrowes liuery,  
 Each Colledge mourne in ashes, euery Hall  
 Looke like the Embleme of a Funerall.  
 Christ-church would sink in ruine, were he gon,

On



On whom shee built her hopes foundation.  
 Dulnesse has seaz'd vpon me: can I reade  
 That vertue's slaine, yet iudge not *Stanhope* dead?  
 Betweene which two there was such league, that or  
 Could not subsist, the other beeing gon.  
 In Churches why should Death triumph, and bee  
 Hanging vp Banners of her victory?  
 What siege of Honour has shee won? Is't all,  
 That shee has payd to Fate one Funerall?  
 And that of feeble youth? yong *Stanhope* dyes,  
 'Cause else shee knowes not where to tyrannize.  
 It had beene Iustice, if some hoary head  
 Had felt this deadly dart and perished.  
 To bee vniust, is Death's iust attribute:  
 For shee did murder him, not execute.  
 But why should wee her murders thus relate?  
 Death's but the Executioner of Fate.  
 Fate was to blame, whose too too greedy hand  
 Did breake his thred of life, as loth to stand  
 The leisure for to cut it with her sheeres,  
 And so at once rob'd him of many yeeres.  
 This is not all: his theft's farre greater yet,  
 In robbing him, Fate rob'd vs all of wit.  
 For *Stanhope* might haue liu'd a worke to raise,  
 Which mought frō *Sydney's* Temples pluck the Bayes,  
 At least haue equall'd him: such hopes his braine  
 Did promise to the world to bring againe.  
 But wee haue lost him: strangers which but heare  
 How good he was, are forc't to shead a teare;  
 Well may his Father say, hee is vndone,  
 Hee onely knew the worth of such a Sonne:  
 Let others thinke it strange that grieve should bee,  
 As bold as death to worke a Tragedy;

Thrice did his Father sound, as if his Ghost  
 Would take a Farewell of his son that's lost;  
 Yet wher's your wonder here? at such a sight  
 I would not think it strange to dy outright.  
 So would hee, but one Death cannot suffice  
 T'expresse his griefe, therefore hee after dyes,  
 And could his sorrowe quit his son from Death,  
 Hee'd neuer leaue to grieue, whilst he had breath.

*Will. Hemmings, Alumnus.*

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**T**riste onus Hexaphori, mæstæq; Epicedi turba,  
 Inuitant lachrymas ore madente pias;  
 Occidit alma Hebe, patris spes, gloria fratrum,  
 Qui partu primus, funere primus erat:  
 Vendicat hanc Natura, hanc mæsta Academia prolem,  
 Arsq; suam petit hanc, Nobilitasq; suam,  
 Laureæ cum mæscæ certat numerosa Cupresso,  
 Charta istos cineres, et leuis urna petunt:  
 Sed de virgineo ne sit discordia vultu,  
 Mors citius prædam vendicat atra suam:  
 Igne crepent gemmæ, Domini noctescit ocellus,  
 Huic gemmæ nusquam gemma superstes erit  
 Pingues, quos tantum capiti modo sparsit, odores  
 Iam caput, et plantas, corpus, et omne linant,  
 Sed tamen unguento meliori funera lauit,  
 Dum soluit nimis imbribus ora parens,  
 At toti lachrymæ non suffecere dolori;  
 Pars erat in vultu; plus tamen intus erat,  
 Quid miserande Pater langues, animoq; liquescis?  
 Cur fugit exanimis, membra supina cruor?  
 Siste Pater gemitus, et vitæ parce ruenti,  
 Vitam non satis est huic tribuisse semel?

*Pace*



*Pace tuâ valeant manes, permitte quietem,  
 Et præter famam, murmura nulla sonent,  
 Manibus Augustis non pandit Cerberus aulam,  
 Iam canis æthereus regnat, & astra parat.*

*In Eundem.*

**H***ic & splendidius decus Parentū,  
 Orta & stemmate nobili propago,  
 Funestum posuit citò cadauer,  
 Et compagine spiritus soluta,  
 Languentis malè corporis favilla  
 Extincta est. Lachrymas mouent sorores  
 Et mæsta Trago sonant boatu,  
 Dum Parca indociles fauore flecti  
 Prima stamina dissecant iuuentæ:  
 Quis non exequijs lique scat istis  
 Et fati scelus improbet seueri?  
 Sed fundant Tetricæ minas sorores,  
 Non condet Libitina seua Famam;  
 Vita perfruitur beatiori,  
 Extentoq; diu superstes æuo,  
 Vitam artis trahit, & sepulchra ridet.  
 O pectus iuuenis Vale quietum:  
 Solennes feretri rogos superbi,  
 Dum plaudit famulante musa cantu,  
 Et cætus iuuenū modestiorum.  
 O sit terra tibi levis. (Precamur)  
 Terra tam levis antè, qui fuisti.*

*Franciscus Minne, Alumnus.*

*Anne*

**A** Nne ego te Iuuenem (Stanhope) putabo Senemue ?  
 Cuius verna dies, gloria cana fuit !  
 Cuius & in decimâ vix quintâ æstate senectus  
 Imperat, & puerum non puerum esse sinit ?  
 Sic non iustus eras, non fortis, doctus ad Annos :  
 Sed potuit virtus præcipitare dies ;  
 Non data longa tibi est, facta est longissima vita :  
 Nec viuendo brevis, sed moriendo fuit.

Iohannes Donne, Alumnus.

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**N**obilis atq; sagax, properæ virtutis alumnus;  
 Et patris, & patriæ gloria prima suæ,  
 Occidit impubis ; raptus trieteride quinta ;  
 Eheu, quàm Parcas iam rapuisse pudet !  
 Videre ut multa canum virtute sorores,  
 Crediderant, viridis qui fuit, esse senem.

**D**EATH; alas, could none but hee  
 Suffice thy greedy Tyranny ?  
 Wel thou knowst that thousands more  
 Long haue run vpon thy score ;  
 And with all humility,  
 Yeeld themselves as due a fee.  
 Thy subtile cruelty is spide,  
 Whilest in one a thousand dy'de :  
 Hadst thou tane Achilles Dart,  
 Strucke, and then releas'd that smart ;  
 Thou hadst done well : Once or twice  
 It was thy sport to let him rise  
 Out of his Bed : Now he stray'd  
 Too farre with thee, now he stay'd.



So *Apollo* flew his friend  
*Hyacinthe* against his minde,  
 Whil'st the Quoit that he had thrown,  
 Smote his gentle Play-mate downe.  
 Grieve not then for him that's gone,  
 See; Death's sorry for what's done:  
 Let no cryes oppresse your eares,  
 Dry, O dry distilling teares;  
 What though honour, vertue, grace,  
 Though Nobility of race,  
 By the fatall Dart doth lie  
 Subiect to Mortality?  
 Let it not torment your minde  
 See the Picture's left behinde:  
 His Brother, modest, mild, as hee,  
 Doth in vertue most agree.  
 Aske not for them both together,  
 This alone may passe for either.

*Martinus Tynley, Alumnus.*


**H**Eere, though his spotlesse span-long life be spent,  
 Are silent steps to shew where goodnesse went.  
 Nature did in such rare compleatnesse make him,  
 To shew her Arte, and so away did take him.  
 For he was onely to vs wretches lent  
 For a short time, to be our President.  
 Goods we inherit dayly, and Possession,  
 O that in goodnes were the same succession.  
 For then before his soule to Heauen he breathed,  
 He had to each of vs a part bequeathed

G

Of

Of his true wealth : and closing thus his eyes,  
Would haue enrich'd his Sex with legacies.

*Sebastian Smith, Alumnus.*

---

**A**Nd is he dead ? Immortall creature ! thou  
Whom the proud heauē's sport to immantle now !  
Was Death ambitious ? must he seaze on thee  
In th' Alphabet of thy mortality ?  
Did hee o' retake thy life ? and wast thou got  
In ripenesse to be man, when thou wast not ?  
A stedfast conscience well might shake to see  
Vertue at such a pitch, as 'twas in thee,  
Vntimely cropt. Thy predecessors lie  
In marble, not to teach thee Heraldry :  
Vertue gaue thee thy name, and made thee bee  
Vnto thine owne selfe, thine owne pedegree.  
When thou didst liue, thou well didst purify  
The drosse of sinne with pious Alchymy ;  
And in thy time, no Latinist was hee,  
That declin'd Vertue by the name of Shee.  
Sorrow and teares now fit a blubberd eie,  
'Twas griefe, to thinke that thou should'st euer die.  
Eclipse thy selfe, O thou Diaphanous Light,  
Let sable darknesse canopied in Night,  
Baptize thee throughly : drawe and suck vp heere  
Such Sublunarie moisture to thy Sphere,  
That, with a pious prodigie, thy beames  
May transubstantiate themselues to streames,  
And beare a part in Sorrow : should'st thou shine,  
Wee should haue an Eclipse, although not thine :

Vntill



Vntill his Constellation appeares,  
 And dries the fertill moisture of our teares :  
 'Tis this we thirst for : thirst still rauish vs,  
 Wee will not grieue to be Hydropique thus.

*Vitam relinquis, frueris antequam plenā :  
 An ideo tantum veneras, vt exires ?*

Thomas Browne, Com.

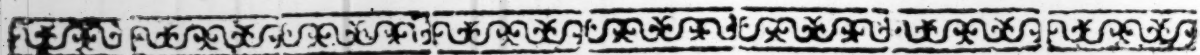
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**H** Vnc quod surripuit mortis lex saeva, Deosne  
 Creditis iratos? fuit hoc sapientia, amorq;  
 Numen tam sacrum superi inuidere nefandis,  
 Tantus inest animis caelestibus ardor amoris.  
 Vt te mors perdat (numen mortale) rogauit  
 Matris opem, tantum haud potuit deuincere sola:  
 En ipsam mortem inualidam, viresq; petentem  
 Alterius, mortis non sufficit vna potestas.  
 Sed victus tandem es, dudum statione peracta,  
 Excepit gaudente polo te regia caeli.  
 Viue illic igitur, subiectaq; sydera calca,  
 Dulce onus Atlanti, tam grato pondere presso  
 Inuidisse iuuat, luctus hac vna voluptas.

Non satis in paruas tibi mors sauire tabernas?  
 Nobilium turres ambitiosa petis?  
 Improba, coniunctosne iuuat seiungere fratres,  
 Quos solum possis corpore, mente nequis.  
 Te nimis angustam nostra sensere querela,  
 Tu sola in nostram non satis inuidiam.

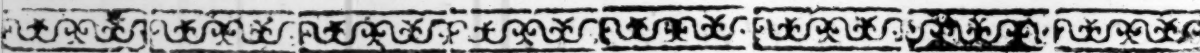
*Heu quid iam superest ? fatis nolentibus ipsis,  
 Nitemur nomen deripuisse rogis :  
 In chartis ipsis accrescet gloria, quodq;  
 Dij nollent, ipsi carmina nostra dabunt.  
 Nil opus est tumulo, hunc erexit propria virtus,  
 Illi cuiusvis pectus erit tumulus.*

*Eduardus Cluues, Commensalis.*



**O** *Vtinàm possent imitari carmina luctus  
 Fraternos, feretro ut sint ea digna tuo:  
 Non illo melius quisquam lugere, tuæque  
 Quis poterat fato nobiliore frui.  
 Inuidiosa alijs hæc gloria mortis, eritq;  
 Talis abhinc luctus ambitiosus honor.*

*Euan. Seys, Commensalis.*



**I**s't the reward of vertue to become,  
 The subiect of vntimely Martyrdome ?  
 No sooner can wee put on honesty,  
 But grimme death darts at our mortality.  
 Did not death lately act this tragicke part,  
 In butchering the innocentest heart,  
 That hee ere hit : who beeing truly good,  
 Thought vertue made him nobler then his bloud.  
 T'was but the wit of death to kill him now  
 In's infancy, when like a tender bough,  
 Hee might him this or that way bend at pleasure;

**Had**



Had hee prorogu'd his end, and lent him leasure,  
 To nurse his free-borne vertues, sturdy death  
 Had not with ease suckt out his vitall breath.  
 Though young in yeeres hee was, yet old in good,  
 To shew, that goodnes not in old age stood :  
 His age and body told vs hee was yong,  
 His courage, prou'd him old, and witty tongue.  
 T'was not one combat with our enemy,  
 ( Which like grasse mowes downe our mortality )  
 That could subdue his courage, hee had two,  
 To shew, that more then mortalls hee could doe.  
 When t'was suppos'd from vs hee was departed,  
 Hee streight reuiu'd ( and so seem'd double hearted ).  
 And strongly set on death : but after sent  
 His forward soule to th' heau'nly regiment.  
 Yet his Ghost walkes, his heyre of what was good,  
 His liuing Sepulcher, by whose hot blood  
 Our teares dry vp : in this reioyce wee may,  
 That partiall death tooke not them both away.

*Et moritur virtus? hoc viuida Musa negauit.  
 Hic iacet ille suis qui vidit secula cunis,  
 Grandeuusq; puer : quem sat vixisse Sorores  
 Senferunt, cum vix tentasset uiuere ; tantis  
 Noster abundauit virtutibus alter Apollo.  
 Sacratos cuius cineres licet hac breuis urna  
 Contineat, vix terra animam, calie tenerent.  
 Non rabida mortis tormentum hebetaret amorem,  
 Qui castam effundens animam, sic voce locutus,  
 Viue tuo, frater, nostro quoq; tempore viue.*

*Henry Pastlew, Alumnus.*

*Vpon the Measels.*

**W**HY did our Ancestors in former time,  
 Account it for a grand detected crime,  
 To feed on Swines-flesh? What great worke might be  
 The cause of that so strange Antipathie?  
 Could that commanding Miracle you knowe  
 Amongst the *Gadarens*, amaze them so?  
 Would that same stiffe-neck'd race, for such a sight,  
 Torture their stomake and their Appetite?  
 'Twas not the Beast they loath'd, her durty haire  
 Could not pollute her flesh, nor did they care  
 Where she did wallow last, but surely these  
 Abhorr'd them first for that corrupt disease  
 They still inherit; and this cause alone,  
 May well excuse their superstition.  
 Sure, were thy sicknesse and disease but knowne,  
 And how thou diedst of their infection,  
 They would be curst euen now, and wisht the fate  
 That those two thousand had; nay men would hate  
 Their very name; And this vnhappy newes  
 It were enough to make vs all turne Iewes.

JOHN STANHOPE

*Anagrama.*

NO HOPE IN HAST.

Hast spoileth hope whilst after hope he flies,  
 Hast giues the fall, and here on ground he lyes.

*Will. Kitchen, Commen.*

*De*



De tempore Comitiorum OXONIENSIVM  
in quibus mortuus est.

**F**allax vita hominis, nimisq; fallax;  
Quidni fabula? quæ brevis, minuta est,  
Quæ toto tenet, occupatq; cursu  
Actus quinque sed OPTIMIS negatos.  
Quanam istud nova crimen execrandum  
Parcis addita Parca perpetravit?  
Aut quo? quo properas Amor Parentum  
Phæbo pulchrior & sorore Phæbi?  
Eheu! fabula, quæ brevis, minuta,  
Festinata tibi est: tibi merenti  
Cornicis vetula quater senectam;  
Interrupta tibi est; & in \* secundo  
Actu (non rediturus) exijsti.

Hen. Elfyng, Armig. Fil. natu  
max. Commensalis.

**S** Tanopum primâ rapuit mors atra iuventâ,  
 Delicias vestri (turba novena) chorj.  
 Si quem fortè mori vetuerunt carmina Musa,  
 Nunc venam & vires Castalis unda probet.  
 Qui desunt vita numerentur laudibus anni  
 Sic fiet manes, & sine morte cimis.

Dic quibus in terris cælum capit urna? Stanopi  
 Hac quâ parte iacet merja fanilla. sapi.

Quid parios lapides & marmora sacra paratis?  
 Quem nemo deflet, Pyramis ista decet,  
 Stillant Heliades, stillant Electra Camæna,  
 Vt tegat exanimem succina gemma cutem.  
 Sic decuit clarum tumulo lucere Stanopum  
 Qui vixit nostræ Sydus honosq; toga.

Πρώτον δαδμα βρότων νυῖ ὄσιν χάσμα διοῖο  
 Κεῖλα ἀμοιβηδὴν γῆ καὶ ὀλυμπος ἔχει.  
 Σταῖων σκιερὴ δαδάτε ἐκάλυψεν ὀμιχλὴ  
 Οὐ δεικλῆστον λάμπατο πᾶσι γένος.  
 Ὡς εἴμι πότμω κλειος, αἰδώς, δύμιος ἀγλῶρ.  
 Παντοῖη θάμπε ἀγλαῖη τὲ βίη.  
 Ἥιδεος περὶν αἶδος ἔχων πολυκλῆτος ἥβης  
 Θεωποσίαισι σιλβῶν ἐν χαίρεισι θανεν.  
 Οὐ πότε λαμπετέραν δαδάτε μύρος ἤρατο νίκην,  
 Ἡ' πόσα ἀμφὶ κόρον διοτρεφῆα λαχών.

Io. Wall, Sa. The. Dr.  
 ex Æd. Ch.



*Of the transportation of his Corps from  
Oxford to Shelford in a Coach.*

**H**ere *Charon* Coach-man, gently waft frō Thames  
To Trent, this Body : iog him not ; he dreames  
Now of *Eliab's* Charriot, and a Paire  
Of Angels drawing him along the Aire,  
Instead of Horse. Innocence may not feele  
The Iustice of a Purgatorie wheele.  
I prethee vse him gently : I resigne  
Into thy hands a thing, that whilst 'twas mine,  
Deseru'd the curt'sie, if th'adst pau'd the way  
With boughes or rushes ; as the Iewes, the day  
The Passion, did entertaine  
In *Ierusalem*, for him home againe.  
Thou, goe before, let vs diuide  
Our rankes, and I will ride  
Vnto our Pilgrimage of woe :  
For we doe all : He that shall aske  
Me who is dead, doth put me to a Taske  
I cannot answere well ; yet, if we know  
Effect by Cause, and demonstration shew  
A necessary Consequence ; I guesse,  
The King, nor's Father, had the losse, no lesse,  
(If the Natiuitie be cast of's breeding)  
Honour can follow so direct Proceeding.  
Were I not tongue-tide, or some reference  
Muzled my Pen from telling of the sence  
Of this young Mystery, I could read who  
Remembred God in's youth, and neuer knew

H

How

How to run out in *Oxford*, nor th' expence  
 Of Sinne or Money, 'les 'twere to dispence  
 Vnto the Poore. You that dispute the Case  
 Of Mans Saluation, thinking it a grace  
 To vse a neat distinction, learne to doe  
 Of him, that learn'd the *Theorie* of you.  
 Harke, the Bels ring, away, peace dolefull sound,  
 Let vs enioy our woes, doe not confound  
 Still Passions with loud Musicke: yet ring on,  
 Helpe to make vp solemne Procession,  
 Now is Rogation weeke. Here *Oxford* ends:  
 And here *Northampton-shire*: *Lester* extends  
 It selfe vnto this Bridge, and then we be  
 Riding along in *Notingham*: A Tree,  
 Though young, yet wither'd, did distinguish one  
 Another was distinguish't by a Stone,  
 Fit for an Epitaph. Here I sow'd a Teare  
 Which I will reape againe when I come  
 Thus euery thing's an Enbleme that we  
 To represent to vs our misery.  
 The poore o'th Parishes accompanie  
 Vs in our Progresse, and as lowd do  
 Vnto, as for the dead: and some  
 Drowne their Religion, calling *God* aboue,  
 (As if the dead their Prayers did auant)  
 To blesse the Burden that we goe withall.  
 Thus we found pittie, though we found no ease;  
 And Trauelling will seldome bring release.  
 For Care will be a Horse-man. Now I'ue grieu'd  
 Threescore and ten, to *Shelford*, and haue liu'd  
 The date of Man in Miles; the surplufage,  
 Like *Dauids*, is a trouble, not an Age.

*I. Hodsdon.*

FINIS.



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Death might haue well mistaken, being sent  
 For one, to see so many that wayes bent;  
 The Father three times offerd to haue payd  
 Him-selfe for his Sonnes ransome; had Death stayd  
 His hasty hand, hee had found many more  
 That had bin fitter to haue payd this score.  
 Alas, he was but in the blossom yet  
 Of tender yeeres, though aged for his wit:  
 Hee had some insight into euery Art,  
 That to *Nobility* might adde a part:  
 His Parents reapt as much ioy from his spring,  
 As many childrens Haruest home doth bring.

But hee is fled away to passe the time  
 Hee ow'd to vs, in a farre better Clime;  
 There shall his Summer and his Haruest bee,  
 Where hee shall neuer any Winter see.

Then, Parents, grieue no more; for he's in ioy;  
 Doubt not; wipe yours; his teares are wip't away.  
 Death tells mee, he was old enough to die,  
 And young enough to liue eternally.

*Geruase Warmstrete, Alumnus.*

---

**W**Hat fatall booke is this, which doth declare,  
 That Noble *Stanhope's* house has lost her heyre?  
 A Sermon preach'd at *Shelford*! ah, tis so,  
*Stanhope* is layd in Earth, these lines of woe,  
 Demonstrate he is dead: yet stay, wer't he,  
 Oxford would put on sorrowes liuery,  
 Each Colledge mourne in ashes, euery Hall  
 Looke like the Embleme of a Funerall.  
 Christ-church would sink in ruine, were he gon,

On



On whom shee built her hopes foundation:  
 Dulnesse has seaz'd vpon me: can I reade  
 That vertue's slaine, yet iudge not *Stanhope* dead?  
 Betweene which two there was such league, that one  
 Could not subsist, the other beeing gon.  
 In Churches why should Death triumph, and bee  
 Hanging vp Banners of her victory?  
 What siege of Honour has shee won? Is't all,  
 That shee has payd to Fate one Funerall?  
 And that of feeble youth? yong *Stanhope* dyes,  
 'Cause else shee knowes not where to tyrannize.  
 It had beene Iustice, if some hoary head  
 Had felt this deadly dart and perished.  
 To bee vniust, is Death's iust attribute:  
 For shee did murder him, not execute.  
 But why should wee her murders thus relate?  
 Death's but the Executioner of Fate.  
 Fate was to blame, whose too too greedy hand  
 Did breake his thred of life, as loth to stand  
 The leisure for to cut it with her sheeres,  
 And so at once rob'd him of many yeeres.  
 This is not all: his theft's farre greater yet,  
 In robbing him, Fate rob'd vs all of wit.  
 For *Stanhope* might haue liu'd a worke to raise,  
 Which mought frō *Sydney's* Temples pluck the Bayes,  
 At least haue equall'd him: such hopes his braine  
 Did promise to the world to bring againe.  
 But wee haue lost him: strangers which but heare  
 How good he was, are forc't to shead a teare;  
 Well may his Father say, hee is vndone,  
 Hee onely knew the worth of such a Sonne:  
 Let others thinke it strange that grieve should bee,  
 As bold as death to worke a Tragedy;

Thrice did his Father sound, as if his Ghost  
 Would take a Farewell of his son that's lost;  
 Yet wher's your wonder here? at such a sight  
 I would not think it strange to dy outright.  
 So would hee, but one Death cannot suffice  
 T'expresse his grieve, therefore hee after dyes,  
 And could his sorrowe quit his son from Death,  
 Hee'd neuer leaue to grieve, whilst he had breath.

*Will. Hemmings, Alumnus.*

---

**T**riste onus Hexaphori, mæstæq; Epicedia turba,  
 Inuitant lachrymas ore madente pias;  
 Occidit alma Hebe, patris spes, gloria fratrum,  
 Qui partu primus, funere primus erat:  
 Vendicat hanc Natura, hanc mæsta Academia prolem,  
 Arsq; suam petit hanc, Nobilitasq; suam,  
 Laurea cum mæsta certat numerosa Cupresso,  
 Charta istos cineres, et levis urna petunt:  
 Sed de virgineo ne sit discordia vultu,  
 Mors citius prædam vendicat atra suam:  
 Igne crepent gemma, Domini noctescit ocellus,  
 Huic gemma nusquam gemma superstes erit  
 Pingues, quos tantum capiti modo sparsit, odores  
 Iam caput, et plantas, corpus, et omne linant,  
 Sed tamen unguento meliori funera lauit,  
 Dum soluit nimis imbris ora parens,  
 At toti lachryma non sufficere dolori;  
 Pars erat in vultu; plus tamen intus erat,  
 Quid miserande Pater langues, animoq; liquefcis?  
 Cur fugit exanimis, membra supina cruor?  
 Siste Pater gemitus, et vita parce ruenti,  
 Vitam non satis est huic tribuisse semel?



*Pace tuâ valeant manes, permittite quietem,  
 Et præter famam, murmura nulla sonent,  
 Manibus Augustis non pandit Cerberus aulam,  
 Iam canis æthereus regnat, & astra parat.*

*In Eundem.*

**H**ic & splendidius decus Parentû,  
 Orta & stemmate nobili propago,  
 Funestum posuit citò cadauer,  
 Et compagine spiritus soluta,  
 Languentis male corporis fauilla  
 Extincta est. Lachrymas mouent sorores  
 Et mæsta Tragico sonant boatu,  
 Dum Parca indociles fauore flecti  
 Prima stamina dissecant iuuenta:  
 Quis non exequijs lique scat istis  
 Et fati scelus improbet seueri?  
 Sed fundant Tetricæ minas sorores,  
 Non condet Libitina saua Famam;  
 Vita perfruitur beatorum,  
 Extentq; diu superstes auro,  
 Vitam artis trahit, & sepulchraridet.  
 O pectus iuuenis Vale quietum:  
 Solennes feretri rogos superbi,  
 Dum plaudit famulante musa cantu,  
 Et cætus iuuenum modestiorum.  
 O sit terra tibi leuis (Precamur)  
 Terra tam leuis ante, qui fuisti.

*Franciscus Minne, Alumnus.*

*Anne*

**A** Nne ego te Iuuenem (Stanhope) putabo Senemue ?  
 Cuius verna dies, gloria cana fuit !  
 Cuius & in decimâ vix quintâ astate senectus  
 Imperat, & puerum non puerum esse sinit ?  
 Sic non iustus eras, non fortis, doctus ad Annos :  
 Sed potuit virtus precipitare dies ;  
 Non data longa tibi est, facta est longissima vita :  
 Nec viuendo brevis, sed moriendo fuit.

Iohannes Donne, Alumnus.

---


**N**obilis atq; sagax, propera virtutis alumnus;  
 Et patris; & patria gloria prima sua,  
 Occidit impubis; raptus trieteride quinta;  
 Eheu, quàm Parcas iam rapuisse pudet !  
 Videre ut multa canum virtute sorores,  
 Crediderant, viridis qui fuit, esse senem.

**D**EATH; alas, could none but hee  
 Suffice thy greedy Tyranny ?  
 Wel thou knowst that thousands more  
 Long haue run vpon thy score ;  
 And with all humility,  
 Yeeld themselues as due a fee.  
 Thy subtile cruelty is spide,  
 Whilest in one a thousand dy'de :  
 Hadst thou tane Achilles Dart,  
 Strucke, and then releas'd that smart ;  
 Thou hadst done well : Once or twice  
 It was thy sport to let him rise  
 Out of his Bed : Now he stray'd  
 Too farre with thee, now he stay'd.



So *Apollo* flew his friend  
*Hyacinthe* against his minde,  
 Whil'st the Quoit that he had thrown;  
 Smote his gentle Play-mate downe.  
 Grieve not then for him that's gone,  
 See; Death's sorry for what's done:  
 Let no cries oppresse your eares,  
 Dry, O dry distilling teares;  
 What though honour, vertue, grace,  
 Though Nobility of race,  
 By the fatall Dart doth lie  
 Subiect to Mortality?  
 Let it not torment your minde  
 See the Picture's left behinde:  
 His Brother, modest, mild, as hee,  
 Doth in vertue most agree.  
 Aske not for them both together,  
 This alone may passe for either.

*Martinus Tynley, Alumnus.*


**H**Eere, though his spotlesse span-long life be spent,  
 Are silent steps to shew where goodnesse went.  
 Nature did in such rare compleatnesse make him,  
 To shew her Arte, and so away did take him.  
 For he was onely to vs wretches lent  
 For a short time, to be our President.  
 Goods we inherit dayly, and Possession,  
 O that in goodnes were the same succession.  
 For then before his soule to Heauen he breathed,  
 He had to each of vs a part bequeathed

Of

Of his true wealth: and closing thus his eyes,  
Would haue inrich'd his Sex with legacies.

*Sebastian Smith, Alumnus.*

---

**A**Nd is he dead? Immortall creature! thou  
Whom the proud heauē's sport to immantle now!  
Was Death ambitious? must he seaze on thee  
In th' Alphabet of thy mortality?  
Did hee o'rtake thy life? and wast thou got  
In ripenessse to be man, when thou wast not?  
A stedfast conscience well might shake to see  
Vertue at such a pitch, as'twas in thee,  
Vntimely cropt. Thy predecessors lie  
In marble, not to teach thee Heraldry:  
Vertue gaue thee thy name, and made thee bee  
Vnto thine owne selfe, thine owne pedegree.  
When thou didst liue, thou well didst purify  
The drosse of sinne with pious Alchymy,  
And in thy time, no Latinist was hee,  
That declin'd Vertue by the name of Shee.  
Sorrow and teares now fit a blubberd eie,  
'Twas grieffe, to thinke that thou should'st euer die.  
Eclipse thy selfe, O thou Diaphanous Light,  
Let sable darknesse canopied in Night,  
Baptize thee thoroughly: drawe and suck vp heere  
Such Sublunarie moisture to thy Sphere,  
That, with a pious prodigie, thy beames  
May transubstantiate themselues to streames,  
And beare a part in Sorrow: should'st thou shine,  
Wee should haue an Eclipse, although not thine:

*Vntill*



Vntill his Constellation appeares,  
 And dries the fertill moisture of our teares :  
 'Tis this we thirst for : thirst still ravish vs,  
 Wee will not grieue to be Hydropique thus.

*Vitam relinquis, frueris antequam plenâ :  
 An ideò tantum veneras, vt exires ?*

Thomas Browne, Com.

---

**H***Vnc quòd surripuit mortis lex sœua, Deosne  
 Creditis iratos? fuit hoc sapientia, amorq;;  
 Numen tam sacrum superi inuidere nefandis,  
 Tantis inest animis cœlestibus ardor amoris.  
 Vt te mors perdat ( numen mortale) rogauit  
 Matris opem, tantum haud potuit deuincere sola:  
 En ipsam mortem inualidam, viresq; petentem  
 Alterius, mortis non sufficit vna potestas.  
 Sed victus tandem es, dudum statione peractâ,  
 Excepit gaudente polo te regia cœli.  
 Viue illic igitur, subiectaq; sydera calca,  
 Dulce onus Atlanti, tam grato pondere presso  
 Inuidisse iuuat, luctus hac vna voluptas.*

*Non satis in paruas tibi mors seuire tabernas?  
 Nobilium turres ambitiosa petis?  
 Improba, coniunctosne iuuat seiungere fratres,  
 Quos solum possis corpore, mente nequis.  
 Te nimis angustam nostra sensere querela,  
 Tu sola in nostram non satis inuidiam.*

*Heu quid iam superest ? fatis nolentibus ipsis,  
 Nitemur nomen deripuisse rogis :  
 In chartis ipsis accrescet gloria, quodq;  
 Dij nollent, ipsi carmina nostra dabunt.  
 Nil opus est tumulo, hunc crexit propria virtus,  
 Illi cuiusvis pectus erit tumulus.*

*Eduardus Cluues, Commensalis.*

---

**O** *Vtinam possent imitari carmina luctus  
 Fraternos, feretro ut sint ea digna tuo:  
 Non illo melius quisquam lugere, tuoue.  
 Quis poterat fato nobiliore frui.  
 Inuidiosa alijs hac gloria mortis, eritq;  
 Talis abhinc luctus ambitiosus honor.*

*Euan. Seys, Commensalis.*

---

**I**s't the reward of vertue to become,  
 The subiect of vntimely Martyrdome ?  
 No sooner can wee put on honesty,  
 But grimme death darts at our mortality.  
 Did not death lately act this tragicke part,  
 In butchering the innocentest heart,  
 That hee ere hit ? who beeing truly good,  
 Thought vertue made him nobler then his blood.  
 T'was but the wit of death to kill him now  
 In's infancy, when like a tender bough,  
 Hee might him this or that way bend at pleasure;  
 Had



(45)

Had hee prorogu'd his end, and lent him leasure,  
 To nurse his free-borne vertues, sturdy death  
 Had not with ease suckt out his vitall breath.  
 Though young in yeeres hee was, yet old in good,  
 To shew, that goodnes not in old age stood :  
 His age and body told vs hee was yong,  
 His courage, prou'd him old, and witty tongue.  
 T'was not one combat with our enemy,  
 ( Which like grasse mowes downe our mortality )  
 That could subdue his courage, hee had two,  
 To shew, that more then mortalls hee could doe.  
 When t'was suppos'd from vs hee was departed,  
 Hee streight reuiu'd ( and so seem'd double hearted )  
 And strongly set on death : but after sent  
 His forward soule to th' heau'nly regiment.  
 Yet his Ghost walkes, his heyre of what was good,  
 His liuing Sepulcher, by whose hot blood  
 Our teares dry vp : in this reioyce wee may,  
 That partiall death tooke not them both away.

*Et moritur virtus? hoc viuia Musa negauit..  
 Hic iacet ille suis qui vidit sacula cunis,  
 Grandeuusq; puer : quem sat vixisse Sorores  
 Senferunt, cum vix tentasset uiuere ; tantis  
 Noster abundauit virtutibus alter Apollo.  
 Sacratos cuius cin. res licet hac breuis urna  
 Contineat, vix terra animam, caline tenerent.  
 Non rabida mortis tormentum hebetaret amorem,  
 Qui castam effundens animam, sic vox locutus,  
 Vix tuo, frater, nostro quoq; tempore vive.*

Henry Pastlew, Alumnus.

G<sub>3</sub>

Fpon

*Vpon the Measels.*

**W**Hy did our Ancestors in former time,  
 Account it for a grand detected crime,  
 To feed on Swines-flesh? What great worke might be  
 The cause of that so strange Antipathie?  
 Could that commanding Miracle you knowe  
 Amongst the *Gadarens*, amaze them so?  
 Would that same stiffe-neck'd race, for such a sight,  
 Torture their stomake and their Appetite?  
 'Twas not the Beast they loath'd, her durty haire  
 Could not pollute her flesh, nor did they care  
 Where she did wallow last, but surely these  
 Abhorr'd them first for that corrupt disease  
 They still inherit; and this cause alone,  
 May well excuse their superstition.  
 Sure, were thy sicknesse and disease but knowne,  
 And how thou diedst of their infection,  
 They would be curst euen now, and wisht the fate  
 That those two thousand had; nay men would hate  
 Their very name; And this vnhappy newes  
 It were enough to make vs all turne Iewes.

JOHN STANHOPE

*Anagrama.*

NO HOPE IN HAST.

Hast spoileth hope whilst after hope he flies,  
 Hast giues the fall, and here on ground he lyes.

*Will. Kitchen, Commen.*

*De*



De tempore Comitiorum OXONIENSIVM  
in quibus mortuus est.

**F**allax vita hominis, nimisq; fallax;  
Quidni fabula? quæ brevis, minuta est,  
Quæ toto tenet, occupatq; cursu  
Actus quinque sed OPTIMIS negatos.  
Quanam istud nova crimen execrandum  
Parcis addita Parca perpetravit?  
Aut quo? quo properas Amor Parentum  
Phæbo pulchrior & sorore Phæbi?  
Eheu! fabula, quæ brevis, minuta,  
Festinata tibi est: tibi merenti  
Cornicis vetula quater senectam;  
Interrupta tibi est; & in \* secundo  
Actu (non rediturus) exijsti.

Hen. Elsyng, Armig. Fil. natu  
max. Commensalis.

**S** Tanopum primâ rapuit mors atra iuventâ,  
 Delicias vestri (turba novena) chorj.  
 Si quem fortè mori vetuerunt carmina Musa,  
 Nunc venam & vires Castalis unda probet.  
 Qui defunt vita numerentur laudibus anni  
 Sic fiet manes, & sine morte cimis.

Dic quibus in terris cælum capit urna? Stanopi  
 Hac quâ parte iacet merja fanilla. sapi.

Quid parios lapides & marmora sacra paratis?  
 Quem nemo deflet, Pyramis ista decet,  
 Stillant Heliades, stillant Electra Camæna,  
 Ut tegat exanimem succina gemma cutem.  
 Sic deonit clarum tumulo lucere Stanopum  
 Qui vixit nostra Sydius honosq; toga.

Πρῶτον θαύμα βούτων νυν ἔστιν χάρις μαρτύροιο  
 Κάλα αἰμοειδὲς γῆ καὶ ὀλυμπος ἔχει.  
 Στασιῶπων σκιστὴρ θανάτου ἐγὼ λυφὴν ὁμιχλὴν  
 Οὐ σφικλῆνιστον ἀμφατο πᾶσι γένος.  
 Ὡς οἶμαι πότμος κτεος, αἰδώς, θυμὸς ἀγλαῖος.  
 Παντὺν θῆκεν ἀγλαίῃ τὴ βίη.  
 Ἡίδιος πρὶν αἶδος ἔχων πολυκυδέος ἡβῆς  
 Θεωσιναὶς σιλῶν ἐν χερσίνων θάνατον.  
 Οὐπὶτε λαμπροτέρων θανάτου μόρος ἤρατο νίκην,  
 Ἡ' τίσι ἀμφὶ κῆρον διοτρεφέα λαχόν.

Io. Wall, Sa. The. Dr.  
 ex Æd. Ch.



*Of the transportation of his Corps from  
Oxford to Shelford in a Coach.*

**H**ere *Charon* Coach-man, gently waft frō Thames  
To Trent, this Body : iog him not ; he dreames  
Now of *Eliab's* Charriot, and a Paire  
Of Angels drawing him along the Aire,  
In stead of Horse. Innocence may not feele  
The Iustice of a Purgatorie wheele.  
I prethee vse him gently : I resigne  
Into thy hands a thing, that whilst 'twas mine,  
Deferu'd the curt'sie, if th'adst pau'd the way  
With boughes or rushes ; as the Iewes, the day  
Before the Passion, did entertaine  
Christ to *Hierusalem*, for him home againe.  
On Coach-man, goe before, let vs diuide  
Our sorrow into rankes, and I will ride  
Weeping i'th rereward ; now or ne're we goe  
Vnto our Lady, a Pilgrimage of woe :  
For we doe Pennance all : He that shall aske  
Me who is dead, doth put me to a Taske  
I cannot answere well ; yet, if we know  
Effect by Cause, and demonstration shew  
A necessary Consequence ; I guesse,  
The King, nor's Father, had the losse, no lesse,  
(If the Natiuitie be cast of's breeding)  
Honour can follow so direct Proceeding.  
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How to run out in *Oxford*, nor th' expence  
 Of Sinne or Money, 'les 'twere to dispencc  
 Vnto the Poore. You that dispute the Case  
 Of Mans Saluation, thinking it a grace  
 To vse a neat distinction, learne to doe  
 Of him, that learn'd the *Theorie* of you.  
 Harke, the Bels ring, away, peace dolefull sound,  
 Let vs enioy our woes, doe not confound  
 Still Passions with loud Musicke: yet ring on,  
 Helpe to make vp solemne ProceSSION,  
 Now is Rogation weeke. Here *Oxford* ends:  
 And here *Northampton-shire*: *Lester* extends.  
 It selfe vnto this Bridge, and then we be  
 Riding along in *Nottingham*: A Tree,  
 Though young, yet wither'd, did distinguish one;  
 Another was distinguish't by a Stone,  
 Fit for an Epitaph. Here I sow'd a Teare,  
 Which I will reape againe when I come there.  
 Thus euery thing's an Enbleme that we see,  
 To represent to vs our misery.  
 The poore o'th Parishes accompany  
 Vs in our Progresse, and as lowd doe cry  
 Vnto, as for the dead: and some in loue  
 Drowne their Religion, calling God aboue,  
 (As if the dead their Prayers did auaille)  
 To blesse the Burden that we goe withall.  
 Thus we found pittie, though we found no ease;  
 And Trauelling will seldome bring release.  
 For Care will be a Horse-man. Now I'ue grieu'd  
 Threescore and ten, to *Shelford*, and haue liu'd  
 The date of Man in Miles; the surplusage,  
 Like *Dauids*, is a trouble, not an Age.

*I. Hodsdon.*

FINIS.



23225

Stanhope, M.